



10c



No. 22

TIM HOLT

as Red Mask!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



TIM HOLT and his trusty six-gun on the alert for lawbreakers.

TIM HOLT

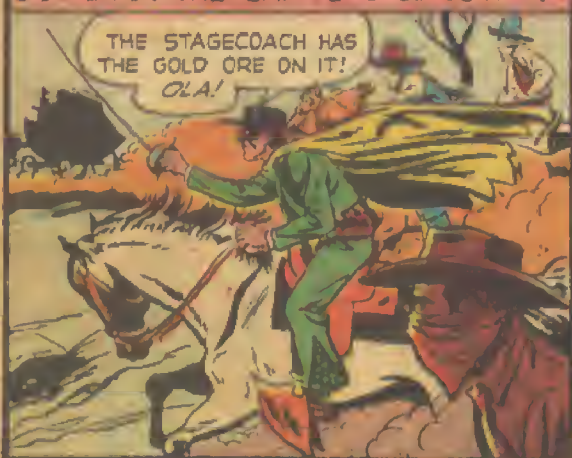


FROM THE RIO GRANDE TO THE LLANO ESTACADO, THE MAN WITH THE CAPE AND SWORD ROAMED AND ROBBED, RUTHLESSLY, EFFICIENTLY, VORACIOUSLY. HE STRUCK AT RAILROADS AND BANKS, AT STAGECOACH LINES AND HELPLESS RANCHERS! HIS MEN SWEEP AFTER HIM IN A DEVOURING TIDE, AND THOSE WHO KNEW WHERE HE KEPT HIS LOOT—NEVER LIVED TO TELL ABOUT IT!

AND WHEN REDMASK RODE INTO THE LAND WHERE THE CAPE ROVED, FATE DREW HIM ON THE TRAIL OF DEATH THAT WAS TO END IN THE DEADLY—

CAVE OF THE THREE SKELETONS!

THE WAVE OF A SPANISH RAPIER IS THE SIGNAL FOR THE CAPE'S ONSLAUGHT—!



YOU DID NOT HALT WHEN I ORDERED! DEATH TO ALL WHO DISOBEY THE CAPE!



TIM HOLT, FEB.-MAR., 1951, Vol. 2, No. 22. Published bi-monthly by Magazine Enterprises, Publication Office, 420 DeSoto Avenue, Saint Louis, Mo. Editorial and Executive Offices, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Vincent Sullivan, Publisher; Raymond C. Krank, Editor. Registered as second-class matter at the post office at Saint Louis, Mo. under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription in U.S.A., \$1.00 for 12 issues; other countries, \$1.50. Entire contents copyrighted 1951 by Magazine Enterprises. Printed in U.S.A.

TIM HOLT

BANKS YIELD THEIR COINS AND GREENBACKS...!

A GOOD HAUL! NOW THE CAPE OWNS ALL THE ASSETS OF THE CHISOS BANK!



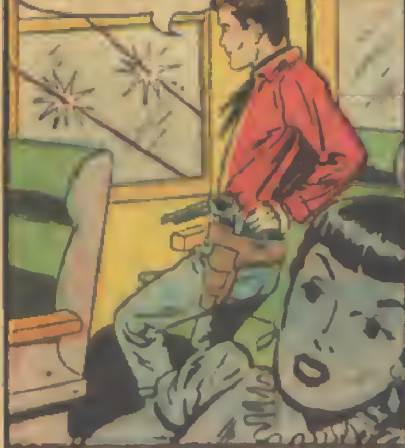
EVEN THE NEW DIAMOND-STACK RAILROADS FALL VICTIM TO HIS HANDS!

ONE OF YOU SWING UP INTO THE CAB! THE OTHERS WILL TAKE THE DYNAMITE BACK TO THE BAGGAGE CAR!



BUT ONE OF THE PASSENGERS SHOWS FIGHT—FOR TIM HOLT IS TRAVELLING TO TEXAS TO BUY SADDLE STOCK FOR HIS RANCH...

HOLDUP! YOU UNARMED PASSENGERS GET FLAT ON THE FLOOR—!



WHILE THOSE OF US WITH COLTS WILL DO WHAT WE CAN AGAINST THOSE KILLERS!

Yip!



I'LL BORROW YOUR HORSE, HOMBRE! MY OWN IS IN THE CATTLE CAR...NO TIME TO GET HIM CUT!

GMM PFFF!



MORE OF THEM! AND THERE GOES THE HORSE... I'D BETTER DIVE UNDER THE CAR!

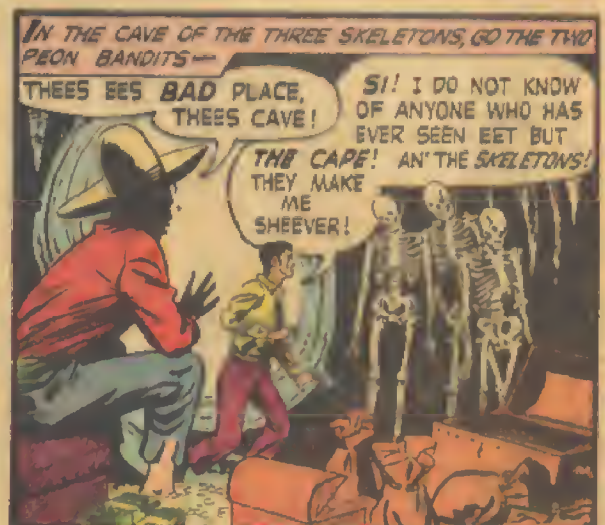
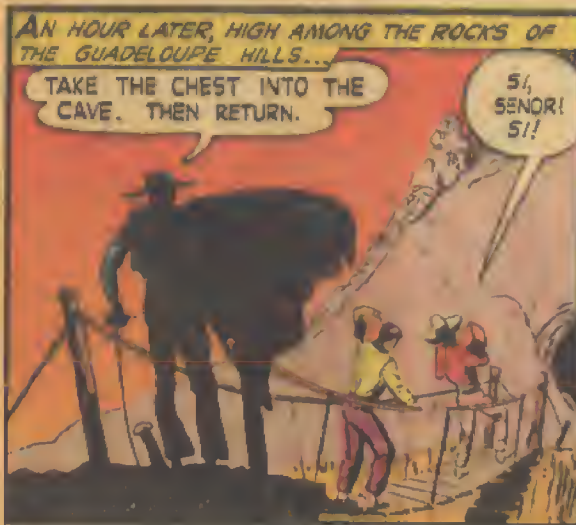


THAT TWO-GUN RANNY IS DUCKIN' UNDER THE BAGGAGE CAR! I'LL GET THE BOYS—

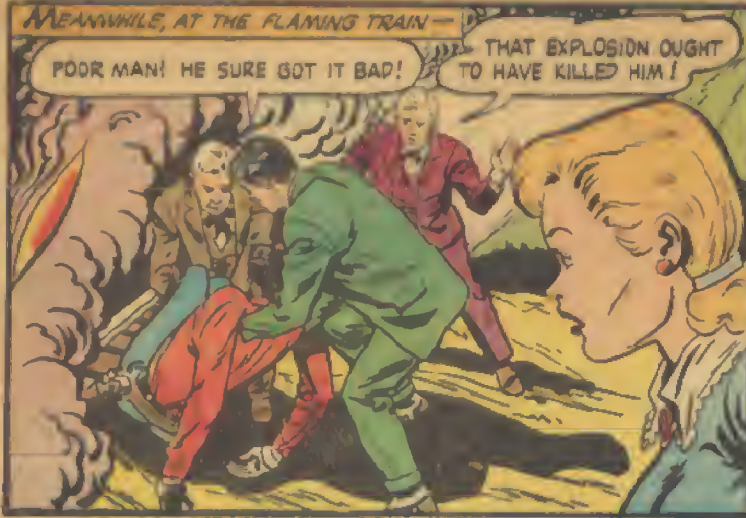
FORGET HIM, YOU FOOL! HE DOVE UNDER THE BAGGAGE CAR! WHEN WE BLOW UP THE CAR—HE'LL GET BLOWN UP WITH IT!



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



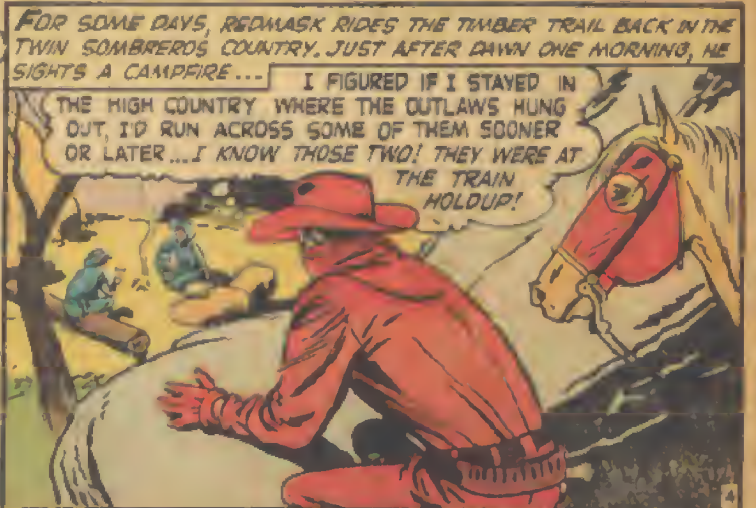
FOR HOURS, TIM LIES IN A DEEP COMA. WHEN HE OPENS HIS EYES, HE IS IN A HOTEL ROOM...



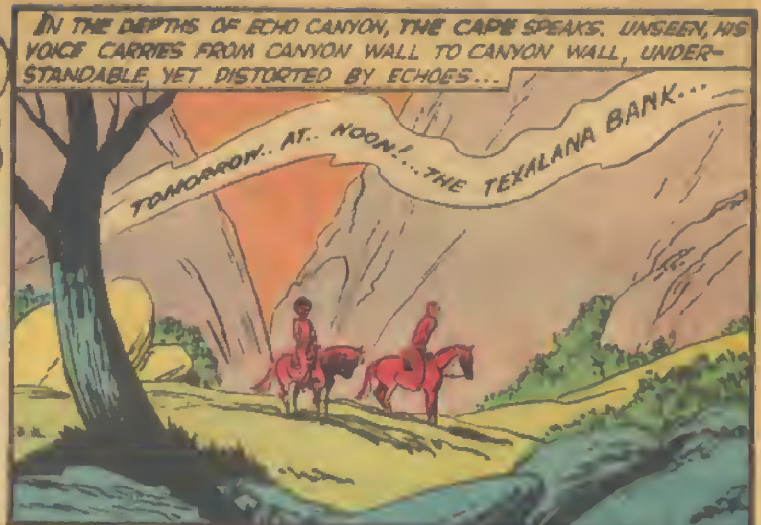
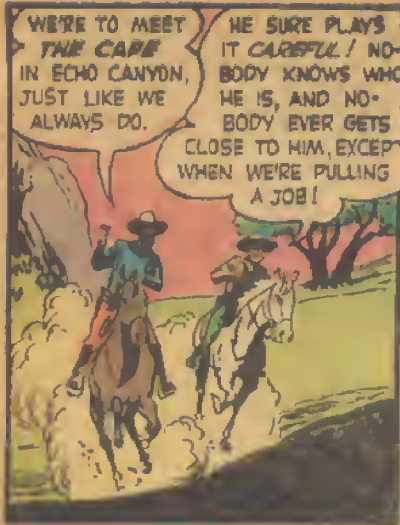
SOME DAYS LATER, ON THE CORROZA RANCH —



BUT TIM DOES NOT RIDE FAR —



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

NEXT DAY, AS THE CLOCK IN THE TEXALANA COUNCIL HOUSE BONGS OUT THE NOON HOUR—

I DON'T SEE MY MEN! THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO BE HERE—



YOUR MEN AREN'T COMING, SENOR CAPE! BUT JUST SO YOU WOULDN'T BE DISAPPOINTED, I CAME TO KEEP YOU COMPANY!



SO LET ME TELL YOU THAT I EXTEND A WARM WELCOME TO YOU!

AWIWWXX!



YOU STUPID FOOL! I'LL FILL YOU SO FULL OF HOT LEAD—



YOU HAVE TO HIT ME FIRST!

DOOFFFF!



DRAWING A DAGGER FROM HIS BELT, THE CAPE LASHES OUTWARD, BUT—

YOU'RE QUITE A CUT-UP, AREN'T YOU?



YOU DODGED THAT, BUT YOU WON'T DODGE THIS...!

TEXALANA BANK



TIM HOLT

AS REDMASK CRASHES INTO THE POLE OF THE BANK'S OVERHANG, THE SUNDRIED UPRIGHT SPLINTERS—!



I'VE GOT THE JUMP ON HIM! HE'LL NEVER CATCH ME NOW!



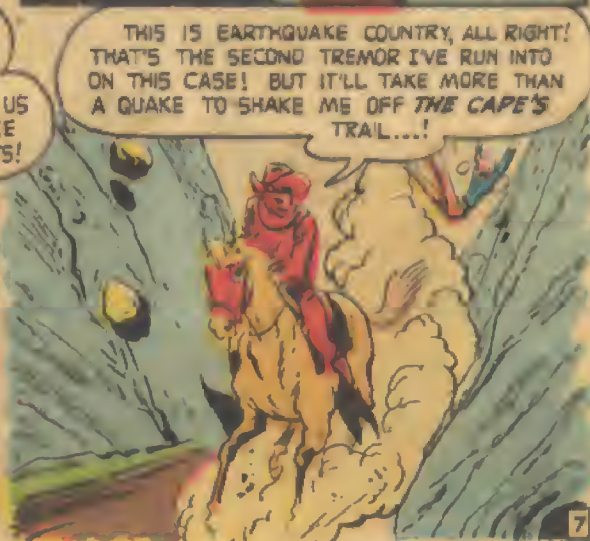
BATTERED AND BRUISED, REDMASK CRAWLS FROM UNDER THE FALLEN OVERHANG. ON HIS BIG GOLDEN STALLION, HE TAKES OFF AFTER THE CAPE...



FAR AHEAD OF THE RACING REDMASK...



SOMEWHAT LATER, AS THE CAPE'S MEN CLAMBER ONTO THE CANYON WALLS—



TIM HOLT



THE SHORING PLANKS SPLIT! THE WALLS CRACK! UNDER AN AVALANCHE OF ROCKS, REDMASK CARRIES A DAZED CAPE THROUGH THE DOWNPOURING DEBRIS!



TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT

'WAY FOR THE TRAVELLING MEDICINE SHOW!' 'WAY FOR THE JUGGLERS, THE ACROBATS!' 'WAY FOR THE PROFESSOR, THE SLICEST SELLER OF INDIAN ROOT CURE-ALL OIL FROM MONTANA TO THE BORDER!

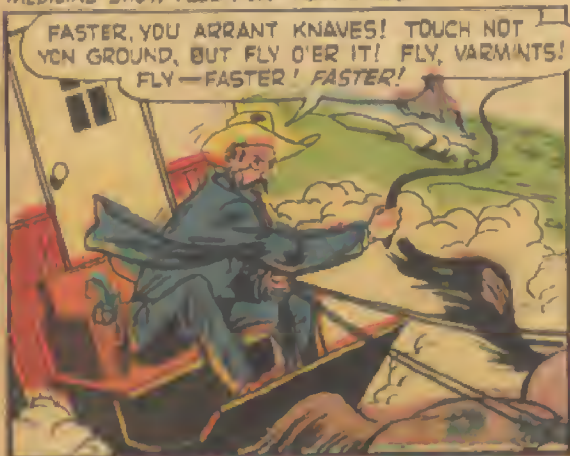
AND WHERE THE PROFESSOR GOES WITH HIS WAGONS OF MEDICINE—THERE GOES CRIME! FOR BEHIND THE RED AND GILT FRONT OF THE WAGON RIDES AS UNHOLY A BAND OF CUT-THROAT CRIMINALS AS EVER HELD UP A STAGECOACH!

WHEN REDMASK MEETS THE PROFESSOR AND HIS MEDICINE SHOW, HE FINDS HIMSELF FIGHTING FOR HIS VERY LIFE AGAINST—

"THE DEVIL'S OWN!"



BULLETS PLOW THE GROUND BEFORE THE HOOPS OF RUNNING HORSES AS THE PROFESSOR AND HIS MEDICINE SHOW FLEE FOR THEIR LIVES—



TIM HOLT



WE'LL CATCH 'EM, BOYS! THEY SLIPPED OUT OF TOWN AT DAWN, BUT THEY DIDN'T GET FAR!

BEFORE THEY LEFT THEY HELD UP THE STAGECOACH OFFICE AN' RAILROAD DEPOT!

CROOKS, THAT'S WHAT THEY ARE! A TRAVELLIN' MEDICINE SHOW OF ORNERY POLECAT THIEVES!

RIDING UP FROM THE 'LLANA ESTACADO' COUNTRY, COMES TIM HOLT, RETURNING FROM HIS CLASH WITH THE CAPE...

STEADY, LIGHTNING! THAT'S GUNFIRE FROM THE LOW COUNTRY! HENRY RIFLES! WINCHESTERS! LET'S TAKE A LOOK!

TEN OR TWELVE HEAVILY ARMED RIDERS—FIRING AT A DEFENCELESS MEDICINE SHOW BARKER! I HAVE NO LOVE FOR MEDICINE SHOWS, BUT I CAN'T STAND BY AND SEE MURDER DONE!



SECONDS LATER, FROM A CLUMP OF MESQUITE BURSTS THE FIGURE OF REDMASK!



AT FULL GALLOP THE GIANT GOLDEN STALLION CATAPULTS IN AMONG THE HORSEMEN!

DRAW REIN! HOLD YOUR FIRE, ALL OF YOU!



HOMBRE—I SAID—STOP SHOOTING!

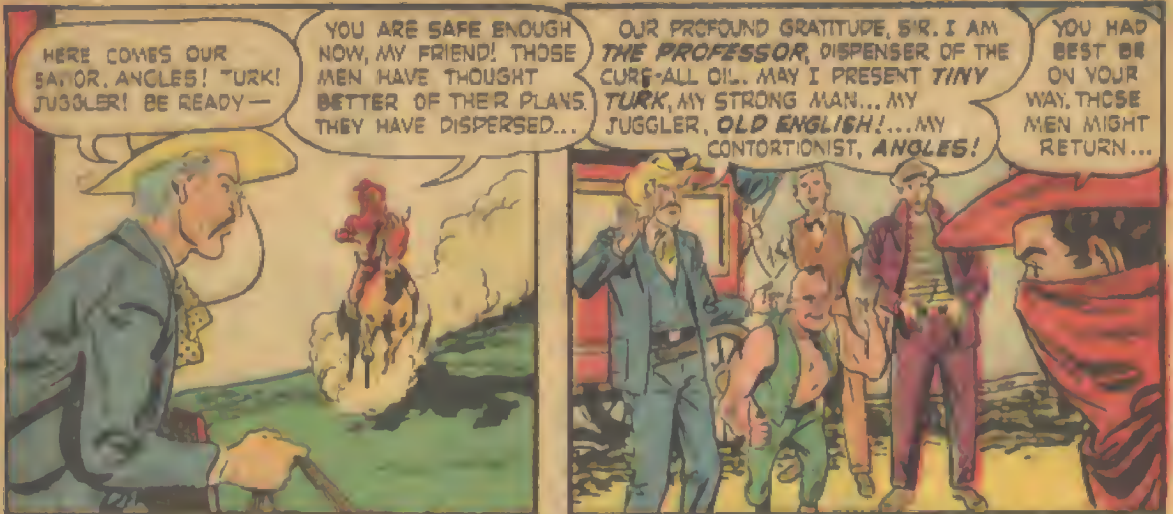
Yiiii!!



NOW TURN AROUND, ALL OF YOU! VAMOSE! PRONTO! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR QUARREL IS, BUT WHAT YOU HAD IN MIND WAS—MURDER!



TIM HOLT



HERE COMES OUR SAVOR, ANGELES! TURK! JUGGLER! BE READY—

YOU ARE SAFE ENOUGH NOW, MY FRIEND! THOSE MEN HAVE THOUGHT BETTER OF THEIR PLANS. THEY HAVE DISPERSED...

OUR PROFOUND GRATITUDE, S'R. I AM **THE PROFESSOR**, DISPENSER OF THE CURE-ALL OIL. MAY I PRESENT **TINY TURK**, MY STRONG MAN... MY JUGGLER, **OLD ENGLISH**!...MY CONTORTIONIST, **ANGELES**!

YOU HAD BEST BE ON YOUR WAY, THOSE MEN MIGHT RETURN...

AND SO THE PATHS OF REDMASK AND THE PROFESSOR AND HIS MEDICINE SHOW MEET AND PART. SOME WEEKS LATER, ON THE T-BAR-H RANCH, TIM RECEIVES A LETTER...

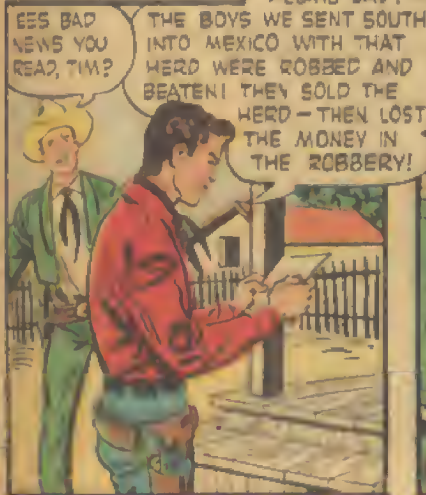
YOU ARE GO ALONE!

IT'S BETTER THAT WAY. YOU STAY HERE AND KEEP THE RANCH GOING! I'LL SEND A TELEGRAM IN TOWN ORDERING THE BOYS TO RETURN. I WANT TO PLAY A LONE HAND...

FIVE HUNDRED MILES AWAY, IN THE MEXICAN TOWN OF PINTAR...

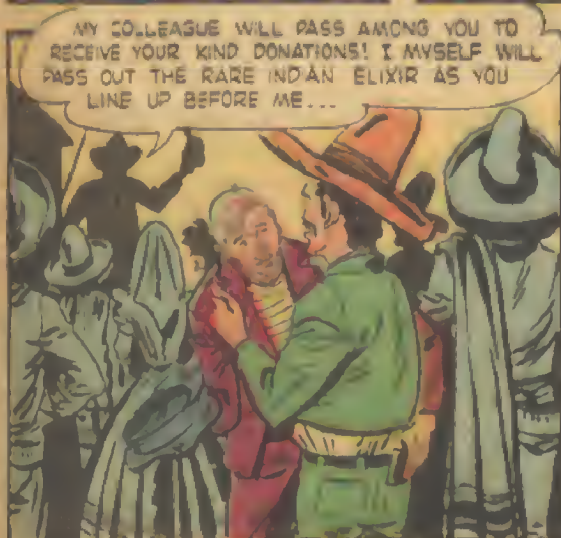
NEVER SICK A DAY IN HIS LIFE! OBSERVE THE MASSIVE MUSCULAR FORMATION, THE STRENGTH! HE DRINKS **CURE-ALL-OIL** EVERY DAY, DOES LITTLE LITTLE TURK!

THAT'S REAL IRON! I TOUCHED BET!



YES BAD NEWS YOU READ, TIM?

THE BOYS WE SENT SOUTH INTO MEXICO WITH THAT HERD WERE ROBBED AND BEATEN! THEY SOLD THE HERD—THEN LOST THE MONEY IN THE ROBBERY!



MY COLLEAGUE WILL PASS AMONG YOU TO RECEIVE YOUR KIND DONATIONS! I MYSELF WILL PASS OUT THE RARE INDIAN ELIXIR AS YOU LINE UP BEFORE ME...

CRIME PAYS US WELL, GENTLEMEN! NOT BAD—BUT IT'S ONLY PEANUTS COMPARED TO WHAT WE CAN DO! TURK—IS THAT TRUNK READY?

IT IS, PROFESSOR. IT HAS BEEN READY A WEEK, AND IT HAS THE LOCK THAT ENABLES ONE TO OPEN IT—FROM THE INSIDE!



TIM HOLT

NEXT DAY AT DAWN, THE PROFESSOR TAKES A HEAVILY LADEN TRUNK TO THE SONORA STAGECOACH RELAY DEPOT...

BE CAREFUL, GENTLEMEN. IT HAS BOTTLES OF MY RARE INDIAN CURE IN IT! THET THERE OIL MUST HAVE LEAD FLOATIN' IN IT, TO MAKE IT SO HEAVY! OWWF!



HOURS LATER, SOMEWHERE ALONG THE TRAIL...

LAZY SORT OF LIFE, HEY, JED? SURE IS! NOTHIN' EVER HAPPENS! WISH ONCE IN A WHILE, SOMEBODY WOULD TRY HOLDIN' US UP SO'S I COULD FIRE BETSEY HERE!



JUST SO YOU DO NOT RECOGNIZE TINY TURKI! AHMM—NOW I SHALL HAVE FREE REIN OF ALL THAT THE STAGECOACH CONTAINS!



THE TURK'S GREAT MUSCLES BULGE AS HE LIFTS GOLDEN INGOTS SCOOPED FROM THE SONORA GOLD MINES, AND STORES THEM CAREFULLY IN THE NOW EMPTY TRUNK...



AS THE SUN LOWERS IN THE SKY, TIM HOLT REINS IN A HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE STAGECOACH...

DRIVER AND GUARD ON THE GROUND! THE STAGECOACH STOPPED! I THINK REDMASK SHOULD HANDLE THIS!



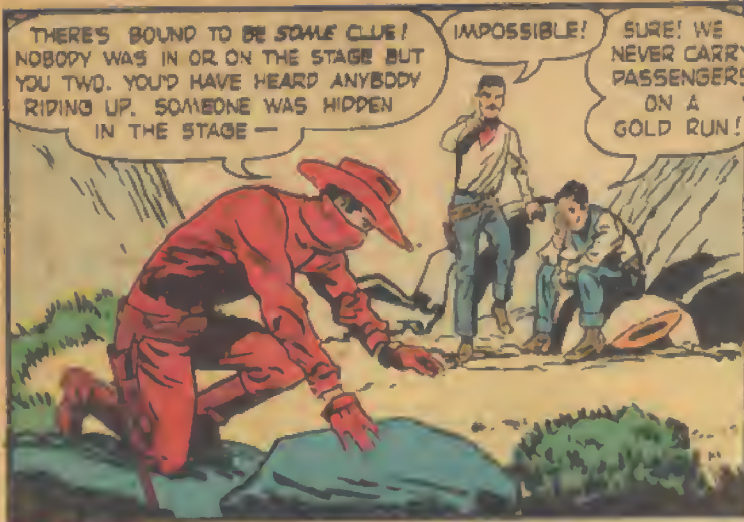
DUNNO JEST WHAT DID HAPPEN, AMIGO! ALL OF A SUDDEN SOMETHING HIT JED. WHEN I TURNED TO SEE WHAT IT WAS—IT HIT ME, TOO!



SOMEONE MUST HAVE BEEN HIDDEN ON THE COACH. I'LL HAVE A LOOK AROUND...

OOOOR—MY HEAD!

TIM HOLT



THERE'S BOUND TO BE SOME CLUE! NOBODY WAS IN OR ON THE STAGE BUT YOU TWO. YOU'D HAVE HEARD ANYBODY RIDING UP. SOMEONE WAS HIDDEN IN THE STAGE—

IMPOSSIBLE!

SURE! WE NEVER CARRY PASSENGERS ON A GOLD RUN!

YOU DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A PASSENGER, BUT YOU DID! SEE HERE! A SMALL IMPRINT OF A BARE FOOT! A TINY FOOT!

NO CHILD COULD HAVE HIT US THAT HARD!

THIS DON'T MAKE NO SENSE AT ALL!



REDMASK—THE MAN WHO SAVED US FROM THOSE TOWNSFOLK BACK IN ARIZONA! I'D BETTER TELL THE PROFESSOR ABOUT THIS! MAYBE HE'LL HAVE SOME IDEA WHAT TO DO...

THAT NIGHT, AS ALL PINTAR GATHERS FOR A TOWN DANCE IN THE GOLDEN COAST SALOON...

QUITE A GATHERING, MY FRIEND! WHAT IS THE OCCASION?

A DANCE TO SET UP A YOUNG COUPLE WHO ARE GETTIN' MARRIED. THEY GET EVERYTHING WE COLLECT. IT'S SORT OF A PINTAR CUSTOM...

AS THE PROFESSOR TALKS ON AND ON, HIS SLIM DEFT HAND INSERTS A MASTER KEY INTO THE METAL BOX—

GO ON, MY FRIEND! TELL ME MORE. I AM MOST INTERESTED IN THE CUSTOMS AND HABITS OF THE VARIOUS TOWNS I VISIT. IT BROADENS MY EDUCATION...



WHILE ALL EYES ARE ON THE JUGGLER AND ANIMES, THE CONTORTIONIST, THE PROFESSOR EXTRACTS THE MONEY, CLOSES AND LOCKS THE BOX...



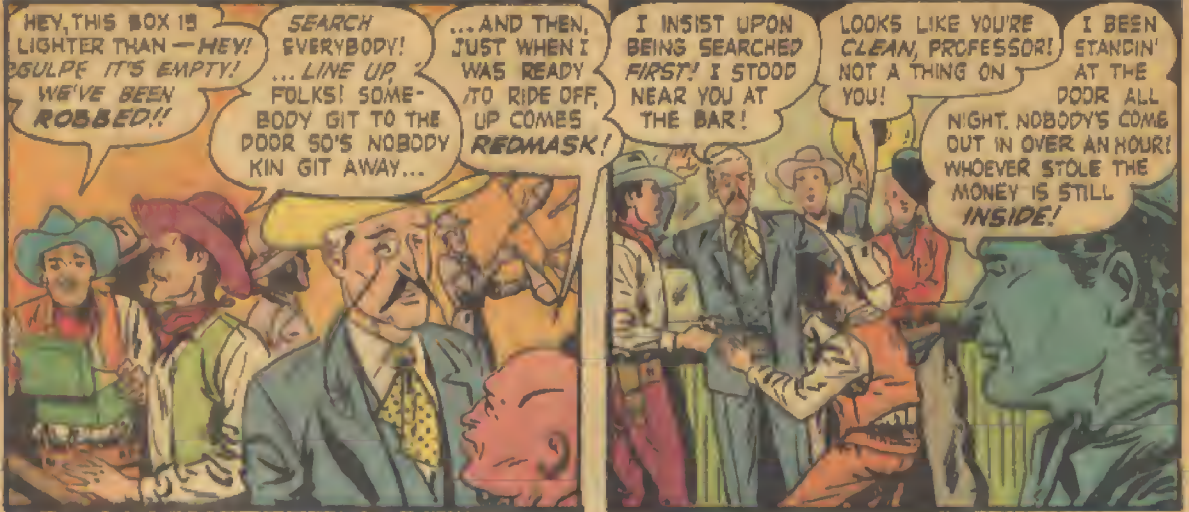
THEY SURE PUT ON A GREAT SHOW!

FINE PERFORMANCE, JUGGLER! HERE, HIDE THIS IN THE HOLLOW CLUB, QUICKLY! AS SOON AS THE MONEY IS MISSED, EVERYONE WILL BE SEARCHED!

PROFESSOR—BAD NEWS!



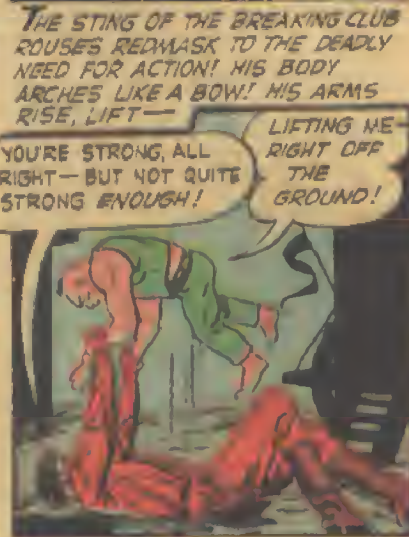
TIM HOLT



AFTER MORE THAN THREE HOURS OF EXHAUSTIVE SEARCH, THE DANCE GATHERING BREAKS UP —



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



WE MISSED HIM! WATCH OUT, ANGLES!



NOW YOU'RE ON THE RECEIVING END!

I'VE GOT A LEG-CLAMP ON HIM! I'VE GOT HIM!

BUT AS ANGLES' POWERFUL LEGS TIGHTEN WITH BONE-CRUSHING POWER, REDMASK THROWS HIMSELF SIDWAYS —



HANG ON, ANGLES! YOU'RE GOING FOR A RIDE — AND A SUDDEN STOP!

I'VE CAUGHT ALL OF THEM BUT THE PROFESSOR — AND HE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY! ONE OF HIS HORSES IS GONE — HE MUST BE ON IT!

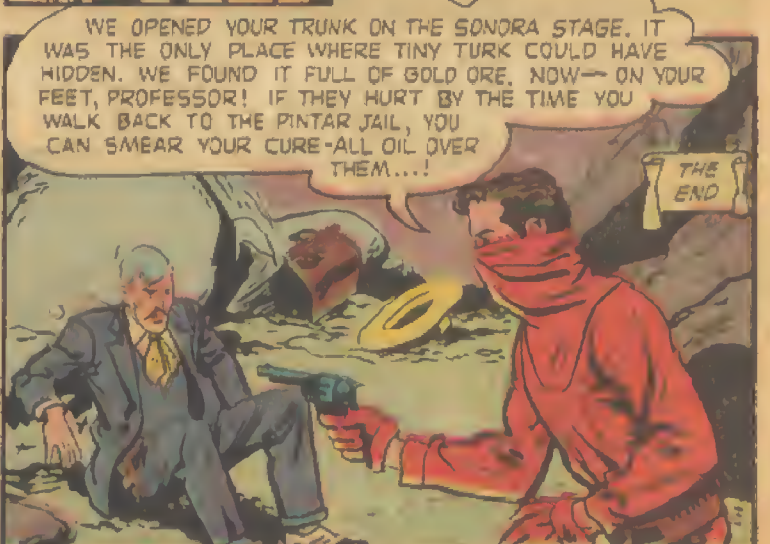


A SHORT DISTANCE OUT OF TOWN — DON'T BOTHER RIDING ANY FURTHER, PROFESSOR! YOUR SHOW HAS BEEN CLOSER...FOR GOOD!



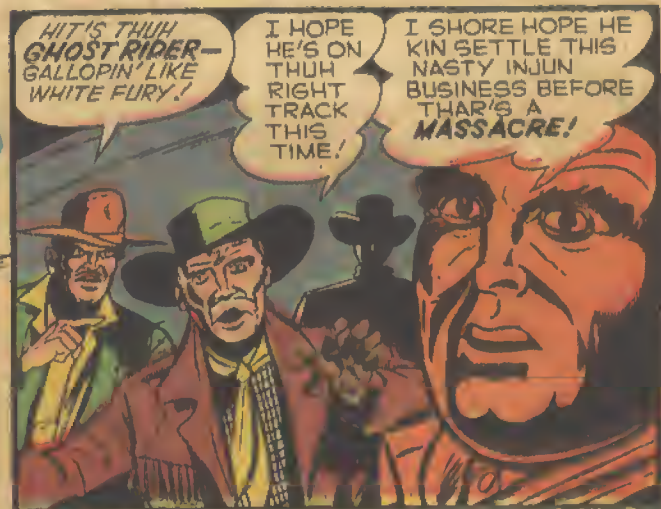
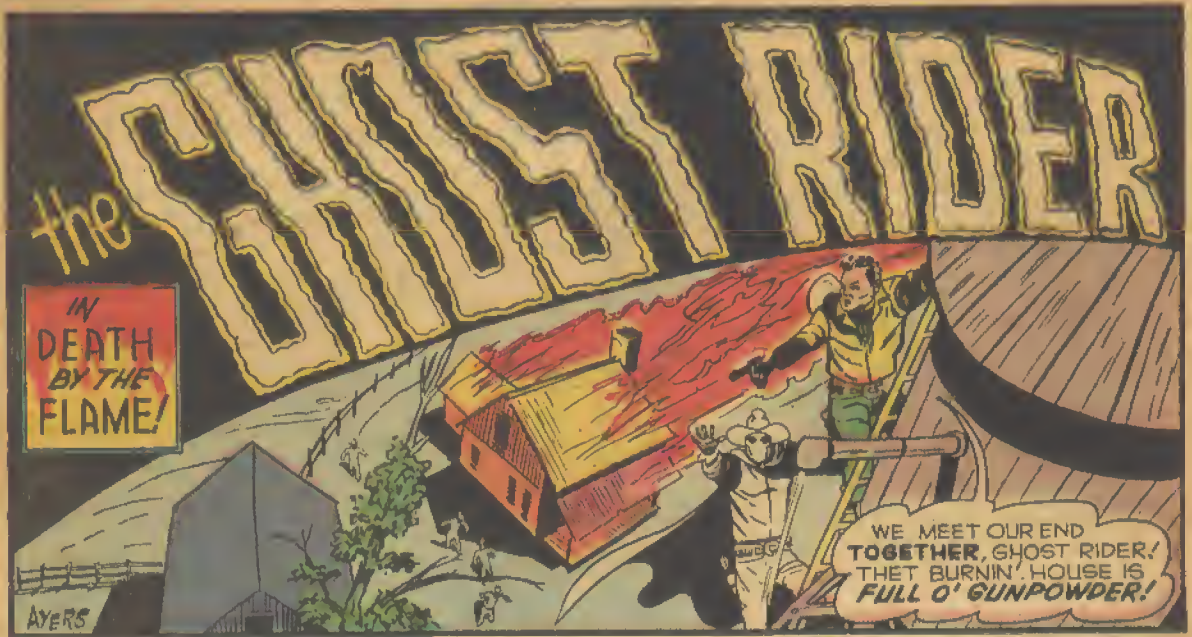
YOU CAN'T PROVE A THING!

DON'T BE SILLY, PROFESSOR!



WE OPENED YOUR TRUNK ON THE SONORA STAGE. IT WAS THE ONLY PLACE WHERE TINY TURK COULD HAVE HIDDEN. WE FOUND IT FULL OF GOLD ORE. NOW — ON YOUR FEET, PROFESSOR! IF THEY HURT BY THE TIME YOU WALK BACK TO THE PINTAR JAIL, YOU CAN SMEAR YOUR CURE-ALL OIL OVER THEM...!

THE END



TIM HOLT

SWIFTLY, THE GHOST RIDER STREAKS THROUGH THE MOONLIT NIGHT— AND A SHORT TIME LATER...



IT'S THE REAL THING THIS TIME!... BY THUNDER, IT'S EBENEZER JORGIS! SO HE'S BEHIND ALL THIS!

ALL THERE AS WE ORDERED! BUT TELL US, WHITE MAN— WHY DO YOU SELL US THESE RIFLES AND GUNPOWDER? DO YOU NOT KNOW THAT WE WILL USE THEM AGAINST YOUR OWN PEOPLE?

WAL, I'LL BE FRANK WITH YOU, CHIEF...



...THAR'S MONEY IN IT, CHIEF— YOU PAY ME WELL! AN' THET'S ALL I CARE ABOUT— LITTLE ME! ALSO— AS LONG AS AG YOU DEPEND ON ME TUH GIT YORE ARMAMENT'S FER YUH, I'M SAFE!



YOU ARE A TRAITOR TO YOUR OWN PEOPLE, JORGIS— BUT THAT IS TO OUR ADVANTAGE. WE WILL DO BUSINESS WITH YOU!

I'LL DROP THIS LITTLE BAG OF GUNPOWDER INTO THE FIRE...!



WHUT THUH—!?!?

CAN IT BE THAT EVIL SPIRITS ARE WITH US?



NO! IT IS A GOOD SPIRIT WHO DOGS YOUR FOOTSTEPS— FIGHTING EVIL AND BRINGING PUNISHMENT TO TRAITORS!



THE GHOST RIDER! YIIIIIEEE!

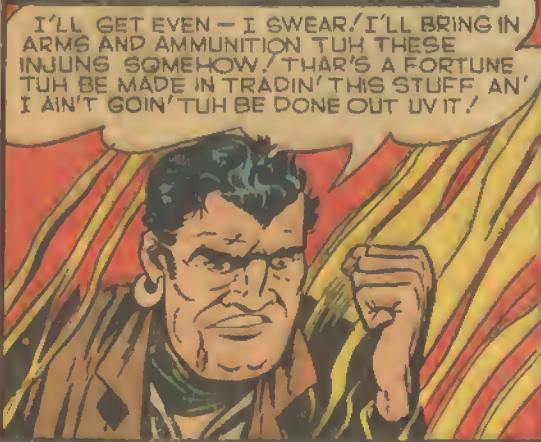
DROP THAT GUN, EBENEZER JORGIS!



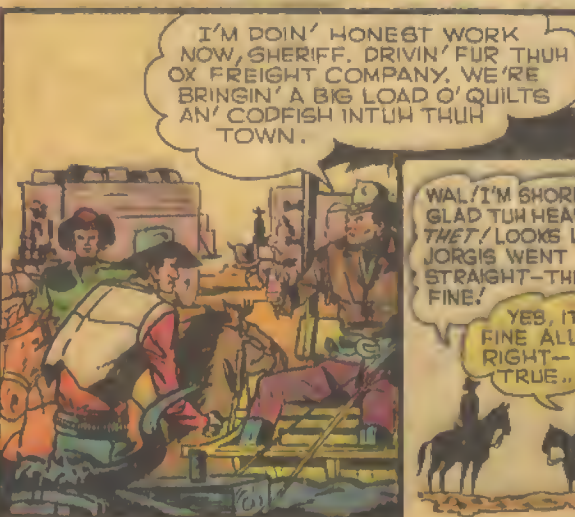
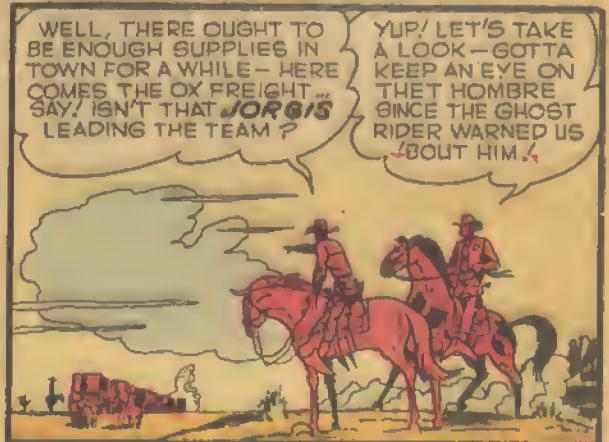
TIM HOLT



WHEN THE FIRE AND FLAME DIES DOWN, THE GHOST RIDER IS GONE — BUT JORGIS REMAINS...



MANY WEEKS LATER, REX FURY AND SHERIFF HENDRIX GUARD THE ROAD THAT LEADS INTO TOWN...

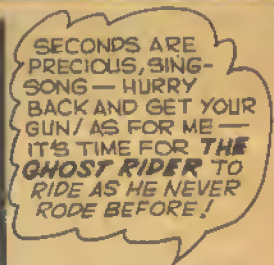
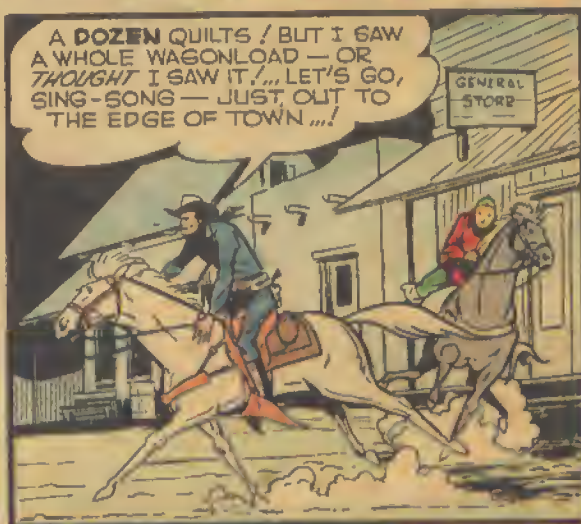
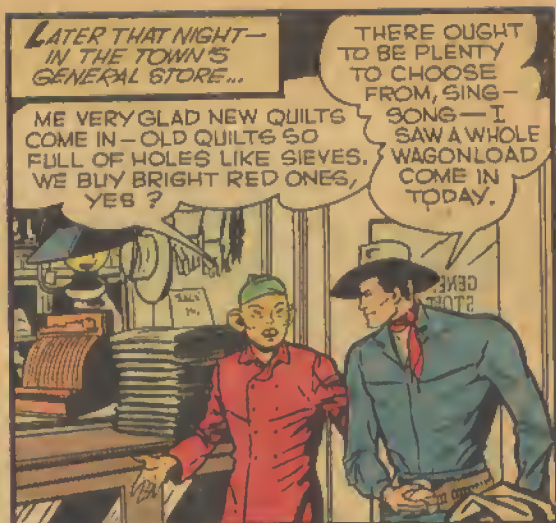


WAL, I'M SHORE GLAD TUH HEAR THET! LOOKS LIKE JORGIS WENT STRAIGHT — THET'S FINE.

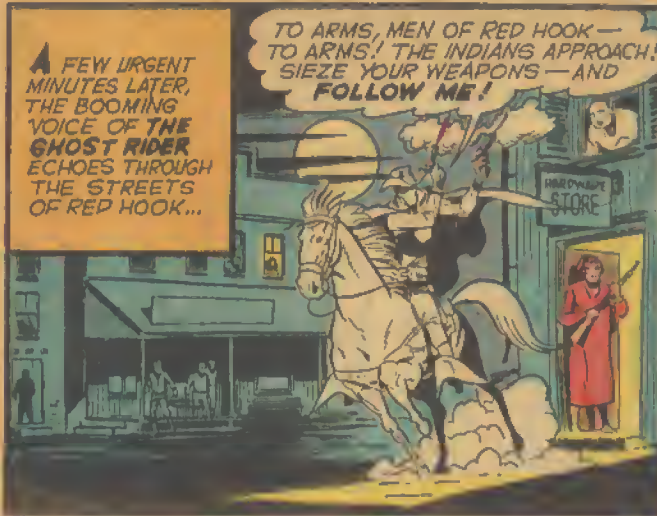
YES, IT'S FINE ALL RIGHT — IF TRUE...



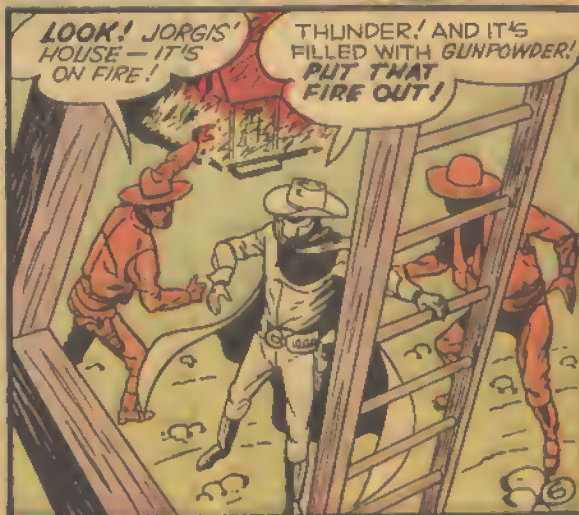
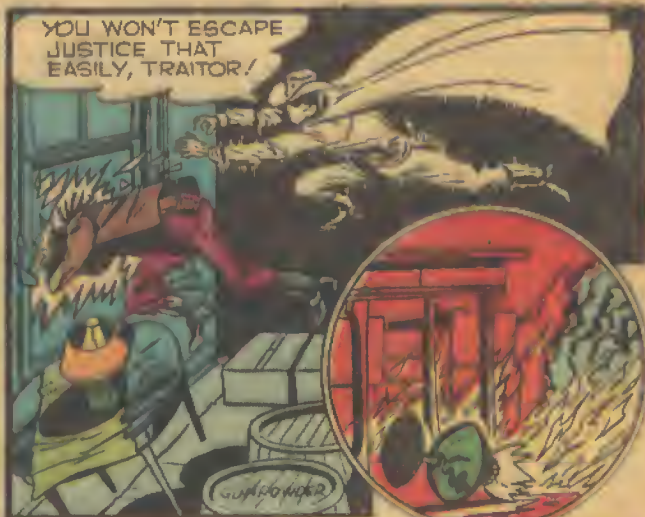
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...



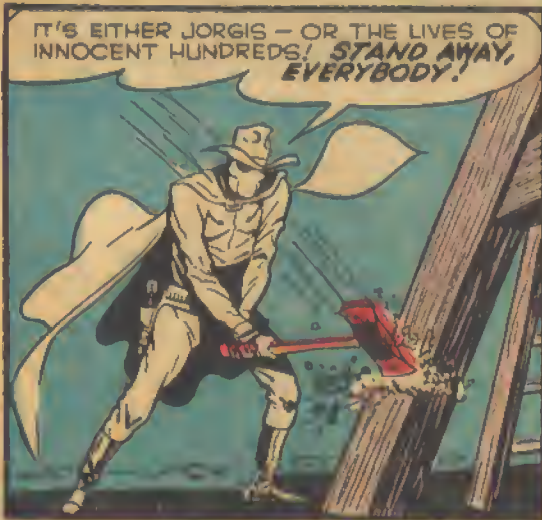
TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



DYNAMITE!

THE diamond-stack locomotive swayed and strained as it reached the crest of the Medicine Bow Hills. Stretched before it was a long flat of cacti-dotted prairie. Somewhere among those elongated ocotillo or staghorn was "Dusty" Rhodes and his owl-hoot crew. Everyone knew the bandit bunch was going to make a try for the big gold shipment in the baggage car. They had said so, back in Willow Gap, with gloomy shakings of heads.

Ok Gifford sat in the baggage car and rubbed his palms on his blue levis. He shivered despite the warmth of the hot car, and loosened his big Colts. The Willow Gap Shipping Company had hired him for this job because of his speed with a gun. They had taken their regular express messenger off at Willow Bend, and put him in the car instead.

"This isn't like fightin' a man with a gun, though," growled Ok, rising and stretching. "This is like bein' locked inside a box and bein' told somebody is out gunnin' for yuh! You don't know when or where or how it's going to happen!"

He fumbled for a cigarette and remembered that he had been forbidden to smoke. Instead of the makin's, he found a plug of chewing tobacco. Ok stared at it in disgust.

"Chaw tobacco!" he snarled, and lifted his hand to throw it away. He paused. Still, chaw tobacco was better than no tobacco! Tentatively, he lifted the brown plug to his teeth and bit off a chew.

Ok remembered his father handling the ribbons of the big Conestoga wagon, chewing tobacco and spitting it with the accuracy of a Winchester at a snake or twig along the trail. *Faauggh*, he thought. *How could Pop ever have stood this stuff?*

He was getting ready to rid himself of the tobacco when the first revolver shot erupted. Then he heard the thunder of galloping hoofs, the shrill yells of excited men, the thudding reports of other Colts.

Ok grabbed for his guns and leaped for the big sliding doors, shoving one of them back to lean out.

There were six masked men galloping up near the engine. One of them was shooting in at the engine cab. Ok snarled and threw down with his gun. He fired, and grunted with satisfaction as one of the riders slid senselessly out of the saddle.

But now one of the outlaws was swinging up onto the cab. A man screamed in agony, and there was a muffled gunshot.

The car braked to a halt.

Ok knew what was coming. *Dynamite!* "Dusty" Rhodes and his killers would toss a dozen shafts of peppermint-striped explosive at the sliding doors, and he'd be lucky if the blast didn't take his head off his shoulders.

He threw two more shells at the masked men, then drew back to slam the big doors. "If it was up to me," he said, "I'd leave it open and shoot it out with them!" Yet even as he spoke, Ok realized that he could never handle all those outlaws by himself!

The doors closed. The lock fell into place. Ok drew back, guns in his hands, feeling strangely helpless and cut off from what was going on outside. He looked up at the roof, wondering if Dusty Rhodes would find a way to drop a stick of dynamite down his neck while he was expecting the blow to come from the doors.

He ran to the doors and put his head against the wood, trying to hear through it.

Restless, he holstered his Colts and ran to the other side.

There was no noise, no sign of —

Bamrooom!

The blast took him off his feet in a whirling tornado of red and black, studded with glowing lightning. He landed against the crated gold ore from the hill mines, hitting with a shuddering impact that seemed to wrench every bone from its socket. His legs and arms flopped uselessly, and he fell forward on his face.

Something came and dug a splintery shower from the bare wooden floor and threw the splinters in his face. A bullet! They were shooting at him! As he turned his cheek where it lay heavily on the floor, he could see through the slits in the baggage car doors. They were out there, beyond the doors, firing in at him.

Ok tried to lift his right arm. He tugged and yanked at it, but it felt like a lead bar tied to his shoulder. He tugged until the sweat came and stood on his forehead, until he got his Colt in front of him.

Just as the man's shadow fell across the splintered door, he fired. The man screamed something in a gurgling voice, and fell away.

"—can't do more than take potshots at us," somebody yelled. "I say go in an' GET him!"

"Yuh danged idiot, that's Ok Gifford in there! He's a bad man with a shootin' iron! He's got three of us a'ready!"

They drew back to palaver, out of earshot of the man lying on his stomach in the baggage car. Idly, Ok wondered where the rest of the men on the train had gone. He did not know, for he could not see, that Dusty Rhodes and his men had marched them off a hundred yards away, where they watched, in sullen-eyed sympathy, the fight of one man against six killers.

Ok knew that fight could have only one ending. Rhodes and his owlhoot crew had dynamite. They could toss a stick or two across the room, where he could not crawl, and —

Desperately, Ok tried to move. His strength was returning, but something was stopping him. With a keen stab of fear he thought, *Maybe my back is broken!*

He rolled over until he lay on his back, and the effort exhausted him. Bitterly he swore at his weakness. He tried and tried again to turn over so that he could be facing the splintered baggage door when the attack came again, but he could not make it.

Easy, he told himself, just take this nice an' easy, like you was gentlin' a bronc —

Dusty led the attack at the door. They came with blasting sixguns that flamed and danced in their hands, pelting the interior of the car with hurtling lead that would have torn apart anything in its path.

But Ok Gifford was helpless on his back behind a crate of crude mine gold, and the bullets went all around and over him, but none touched him. He got a left hand on the heavy crate and yanked himself up against it, to his knees, just as the three men came crashing through the splintered door and saw him kneeling there.

One of the men screamed, and clawed for his holstered gun. Ok shot him an inch below his belt buckle. The second man dove straight down to the floor, snapping a shot as he fell, and caught Ok's second bullet right above his left eye. He was rolling, dead, when he hit the floor.

The third man tried to dive back out of the car, and fell with a bullet in his hip. Ok heard him yell, "Throw in a stick of dynamite! Throw in the dynamite!"

There was the sound of running footsteps. Ok tried to move from his kneeling position, but he was too weak. If they threw in that dynamite now —

His mouth dried up as the striped stick came hurtling in through the smashed door, hit the floor and rolled across from him, to lodge against a mailsack. He stared at it. Fifteen feet away! He could not reach it —

He tried to lift his gun, but it was so heavy that it shook in his hand. If he missed the sizzling, lighted fuse, and hit the dynamite itself . . . Ok shuddered.

His mouth worked, and he felt the ball of half-chewed tobacco that he had bitten off and kept in his mouth all through the fight in the baggage car. He bit down on it, began to chew.

Pop used to hit a dime at twenty feet with this stuff, he thought. I don't have to be that accurate!

He tried once, and failed. He tried twice. On his third try, just as the flaming fuse was touching the striped paper of the wrapped dynamite, the brownish liquid splattered all over it, extinguishing the fuse. The dynamite lay there, stained a dull brown. Useless!

There was silence in the car. Outside, a distant thud of gunfire and galloping hoofs told Ok that help had arrived: probably some rancher who had heard the first dynamite stick detonate, and had stopped to gather a crew of riders. Ok suddenly let go, and fell forward, stretched out unconscious on the floor.

He opened his eyes to hot sunlight. A pretty woman was bathing his face with water. A doctor was smiling down, nodding, rolling down his sleeves.

The doctor said, "Temporary shock and muscular paralysis. You'll be as good as new, come tomorrow. Er— with a slight stomach ache. In all the excitement, you swallowed your chewing tobacco!"

THE END

TIM HOLT

HIS NAME WAS BUCK HASTINGS, AND HIS HANDS WERE SHAPED TO HANDLE THE REINS AND THE BIG BULLWHIPS OF THE FREIGHT WAGON TEAMSTERS. BUT WHEN BIG BUCK TRIES TO RAMROD HIS WAGONS THROUGH THE PREADED APACHE TERRITORY, HE FINDS THOSE HANDS HELPLESS IN THE FACE OF INDIAN SCALP KNIVES AND WAR LANCES!

AND THEN TIM HOLT STEPS IN, TO TAKE A PLACE IN THE FOREMOST WAGON AND DRIVE IT AT THE GALLOP, STRAIGHT INTO—

"THE BLAZING LAND!"



FREIGHT TRAIN AFTER FREIGHT TRAIN, UNDER CONTRACT TO CARRY TRADE GOODS AND SUPPLIES THROUGH APACHE TERRITORY, MEET THE SAME FATE —DEATH ON A HOT PRAIRIE, UNDER THE STINGING HAIL OF APACHE ARROWS...

KIYA TADA SA! KIYA! KIYA!



TIM HOLT

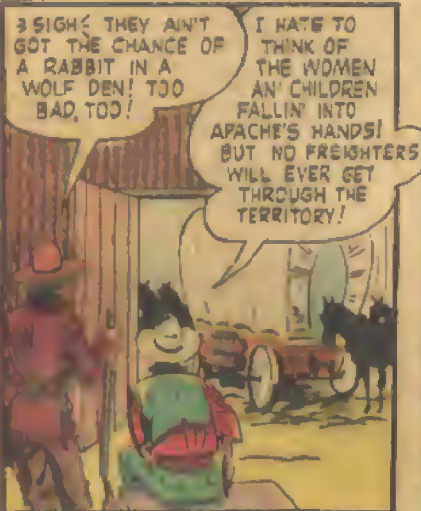
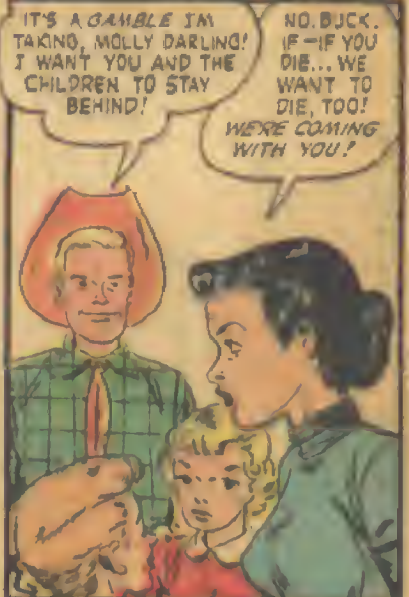
LED BY CLAUDIO, THE APACHES KILL AND LOOT, THEN RUN FOR THE SAFETY OF THEIR PURPLE HILLS...



THREE HUNDRED MILES AWAY IN FORT LINCOLN...



I'VE WORKED HARD ALL MY LIFE! I'VE SAVED AND SCRIMPED, JUST FOR THE CHANCE TO OWN MY OWN FREIGHTING OUTFIT! IF I CAN GET THE WAGONS THROUGH JUST ONCE! — I'LL GET A RICH GOVERNMENT CONTRACT WITH ARMY ESCORTS AND PROTECTION!



WEEKS LATER, AS THE LUMBERING VANS SLIDE ONTO THE FLATS OF APACHE COUNTRY, HARD BLACK EYES GLITTER HIGH ON A ROCKY BLUFF...



TIM HOLT

HOURS LATER, HIGH IN THE TIMBER BELT, ABOVE THE SAGEBRUSH FLATS...

TIM — BE LOOKING OUT!

HUH?

MISSED ME, FELLA — BUT THESE COLTS WON'T MISS!



CHITO — LISTEN! GUNSHOTS!

I AM BE- HEARING THEM! EET SOUNDING LIKE BEEG BATTLE!

A BIG BATTLE IS RIGHT! CLAUDIO AND HIS BIG JICARILLO APACHES ARE ON THE WARPATH AGAIN! HIGHTAIL IT!

WITH SHRILL YELPS AND SCREAMS, THE APACHES SWOOP IN, LOW ON THEIR MOUNTS, RIFLES CRACKING AND BOWSTRINGS TWANGING —

AYAYAYAAA!

HIEEE! HIEEE!



THERE MUST BE HALF A THOUSAND OF THEM! I-I NEVER KNEW THERE WERE SO MANY! GULP! RECKON WE'LL NEVER GET OUT-ALIVE!

THERE... THERE... DRINK THIS WATER!

MOLLY — GET THE KIDS! I'VE SAVED ONE BULLET FOR — EACH OF YOU! THOSE DEVILS WON'T TIE MY LOVED ONES TO THEIR TORTURE STAKES!

SOB! OHHH...

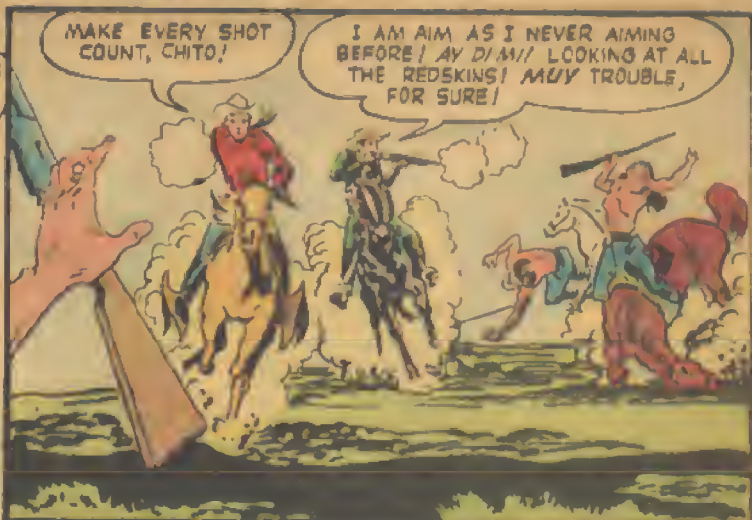


TIM HOLT



HOLD ON, HASTINGS! LOOK! TWO WHITE MEN-RIDING HARD THIS WAY!

WHAT CAN TWO MEN DO? WHAT WE NEED IS CUSTER'S SEVENTH CAVALRY TO FIGHT THEM FIENDS OFF!



MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT, CHITO!

I AM AIM AS I NEVER AIMING BEFORE! AY DI MI! LOOKING AT ALL THE REDSKINS! MUUY TROUBLE, FOR SURE!



GET YOUR MEN INTO THOSE WAGONS, PRONTO! HURRY! WOUNDED AND WELL GO INSIDE!

HE MUST BE LOCO!



JUST A FEW MONTHS AGO CAPTAIN BALDWIN PUT ARMY TROOPS IN WAGONS TO FIGHT INDIANS! IT BROKE THEIR RANKS AND ENABLED HIM TO RESCUE TWO WHITE GIRLS! DO WHAT I SAY!

I'LL DO ANYTHING TO ESCAPE THOSE SAVAGES!



ROARING ORDERS, LIFTING THE WOUNDED CAREFULLY BUT DYING THE UNWOUNDED WITH VIGOR, BUCK FILLS HIS FREIGHTERS

YOU MEN INSIDE ARE PROTECTED BY STOUT OAK WAGONSIDES! BUT YOU, YOURSELVES CAN SHOOT! SO POUR THE HOT LEAD INTO THEM WHILE BUCK AND I KEEP THE HORSES AT THE GALLOP...



AT FULL GALLOP, THE BIG FREIGHT WAGONS LURCH AND SWAY WHILE THE BULLSNAKE WHIPS CURL OUT OVER THE HORSES' EARS! STARTLED AND SHAKEN BY THIS NEW TACTIC - THE APACHES FALL BACK IN DISMAY!



KEEP THOSE RIFLE BARRELS HOT! WE'RE GOING THROUGH!

FASTER, YOU LOPEARED SONS O' SATAN - FASTER!

THE WAGONS HEAD FOR THE GULCH RIVER BRIDGE!
RIDE AHEAD, THOSE OF YOU WITH **FIRE ARROWS**!
SET FIRE TO THE BRIDGE SO THEY CANNOT CROSS
AND ESCAPE!



FIRE ARROW AFTER FIRE ARROW
WHISTLES THROUGH THE AIR, BRIGHT
RED FLAMES ROARING! WITH DULL
THUDS THE ARROWS HIT THE BRIDGE,
AND THE FIRE SPREADS...



THE BRIDGE—
ON FIRE!
THOSE RED
DEVILS HAVE
CAUGHT US IN
A TRAP!

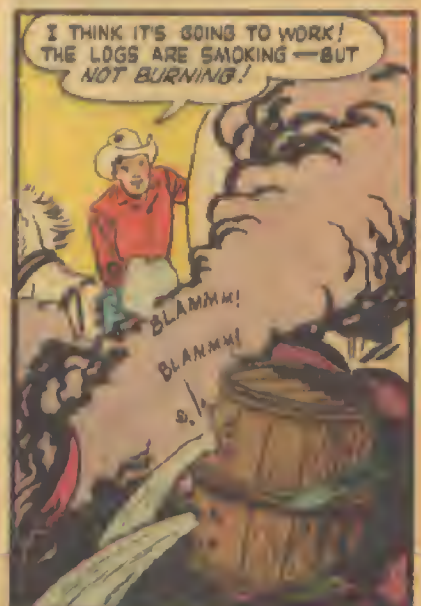
NO, THEY
HAVEN'T!
HANG ON—
WE'RE
GOING
OVER!



IF I CAN PUT ENOUGH
HOLES IN THE **WATER**
BARRELS, THE WATER
IN THEM WILL SPURT OUT!
IT WILL WET DOWN THE
LOGS—KEEP THEM FROM
CRUMBLING IN THE FIRE—

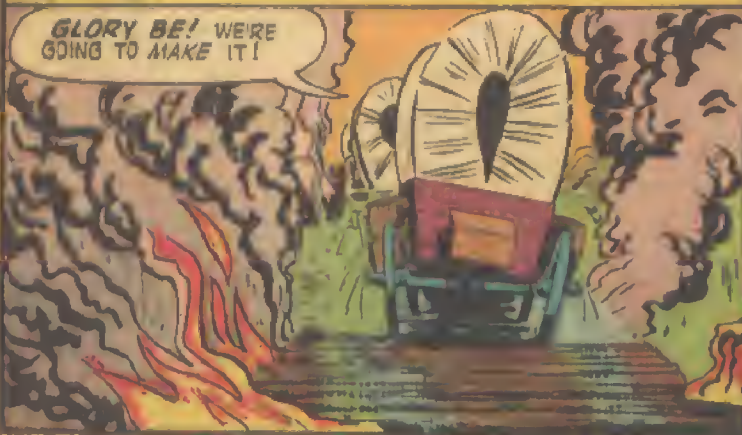


I THINK IT'S GOING TO WORK!
THE LOGS ARE SMOOKING—BUT
NOT BURNING!



**BENEATH THE HEAVY WHEELS, THE FIRE-TORTURED LOGS CRACK AND
SPLIT! BUT THE WATER KEEPS THE FLAMES WITHIN BOUNDS—JUST
LONG ENOUGH!**

**GLORY BE! WE'RE
GOING TO MAKE IT!**

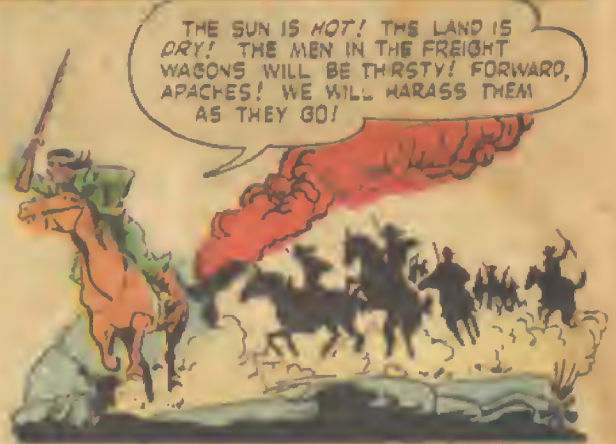


HOLT—YOU'RE A
MAGICIAN! I
WOULDN'T HAVE
GIVEN A PLUGGED
PEO FOR OUR
CHANCES THREE
SECONDS AGO!
EVERY WAGON
GOT ACROSS
SAFELY!

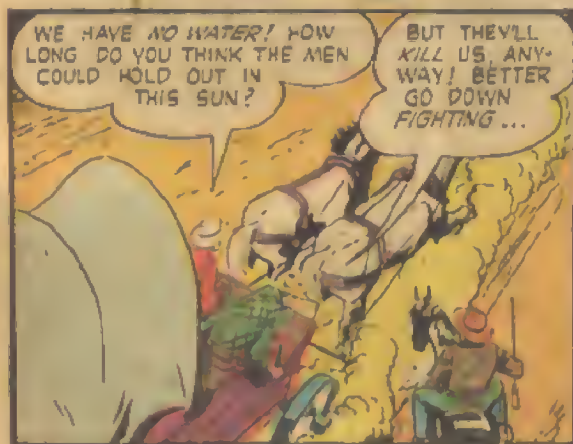
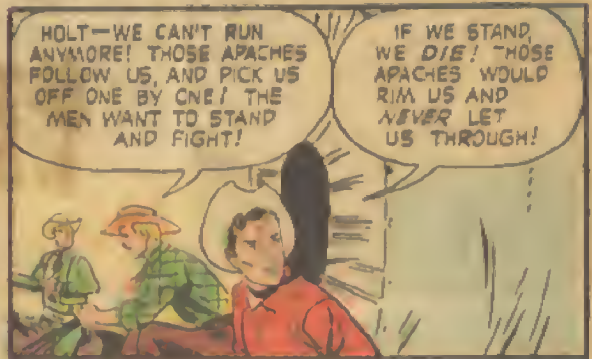
CLAUDIO AND
HIS APACHES
AREN'T THROUGH
YET! WHIP
THOSE HORSES
INTO A RUN!
WE HAVE MORE
WORK
TO DO!



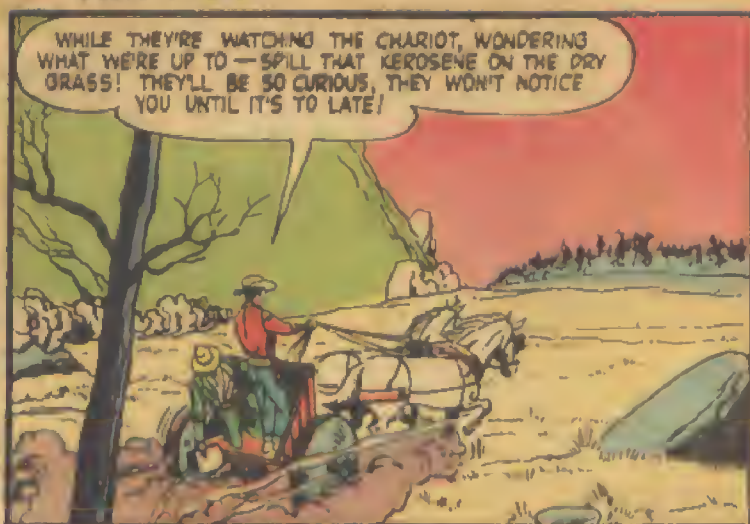
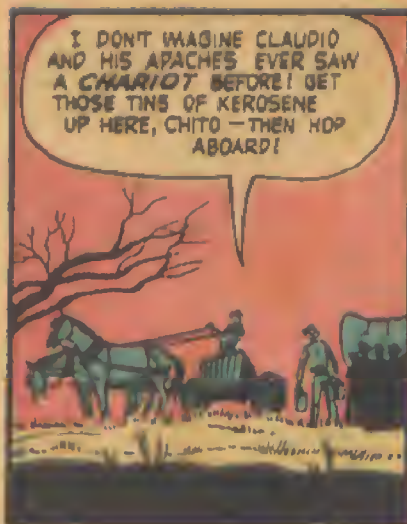
TIM HOLT



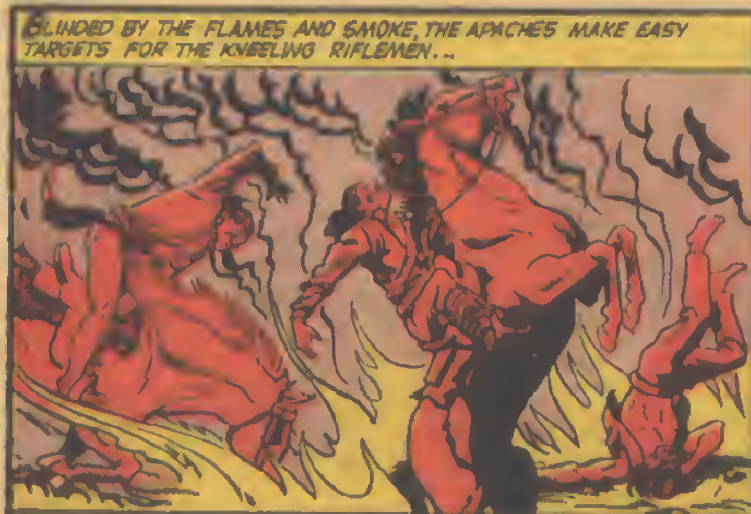
HERE AND THERE OTHER ARROWS STRIKE DOWN MORE TEAMSTERS — AS PANIC SPREADS AND VOICES CRY IN PROTEST!



TIM HOLT



TOO LATE, CLAUDIO UNDERSTANDS TIM'S TRICK! VOICE HOARSE WITH FURY, HE ORDERS HIS MEN INTO THE FLAMES! CRAZED BY RAGE, HE GALLOPS FORWARD THROUGH THE RED INFERNO...





CHITO JOSE GONZALEZ BUSTAMONTE RAFFERTY —
many-named, guitar-strumming sidekick of Tim Holt.

SPECIAL...

INTRODUCTORY OFFER



**ALL-IN-ONE
CIGARETTE
LIGHTER and
FULL-PACK CASE**
*Personalized with
Your Name*

**FOR MEN
AND WOMEN**

Only \$1.98
*Your Name
Engraved in
23 Karat Gold
without
Extra Cost*

**NEW!
IMPROVED!**

All-in-One Cigarette Lighter and Full-Pack Case gives you a cigarette and a light—BOTH at the same time! Smart, streamlined and modern. This wonderful convenience is compact... fits easily in your pocket or purse. No more tobacco crumbs. No more bent or damp cigarettes. Insures lasting freshness. Deep well lighter holds an amazingly large supply of fluid. Built for lifetime service of beautiful mottled plastic. Only lighter case with hinged lid. Opens with a snap of your finger. Your name engraved on case in 23 Karat gold letters. An ideal gift for men or women. Order Now

SEND NO MONEY
Use 10 Days At Our Risk

Just mail name and address for trial inspection and approval. On arrival deposit \$1.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Use 10 days. If not delighted return for refund of purchase price. (Send cash, H & S Sales Co. pays postage.)

EXTRA FOR PROMPT ACTION... If you order now, we will engrave any name in 23 Karat gold without extra cost. Order now for yourself or as a gift for someone else.

H. & S. SALES CO.

1665 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago 47, Ill.



**CLIP
AND MAIL
COUPON
NOW**

H. & S. SALES CO.,
1665 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago 47, Ill.

Dept. 129

Please rush combination cigarette case and lighter. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival. I may return in 10 days for refund of purchase price if not delighted. (Send cash, H & S Sales Co. pays postage.)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

NAME TO BE ENGRAVED

(Print Name)